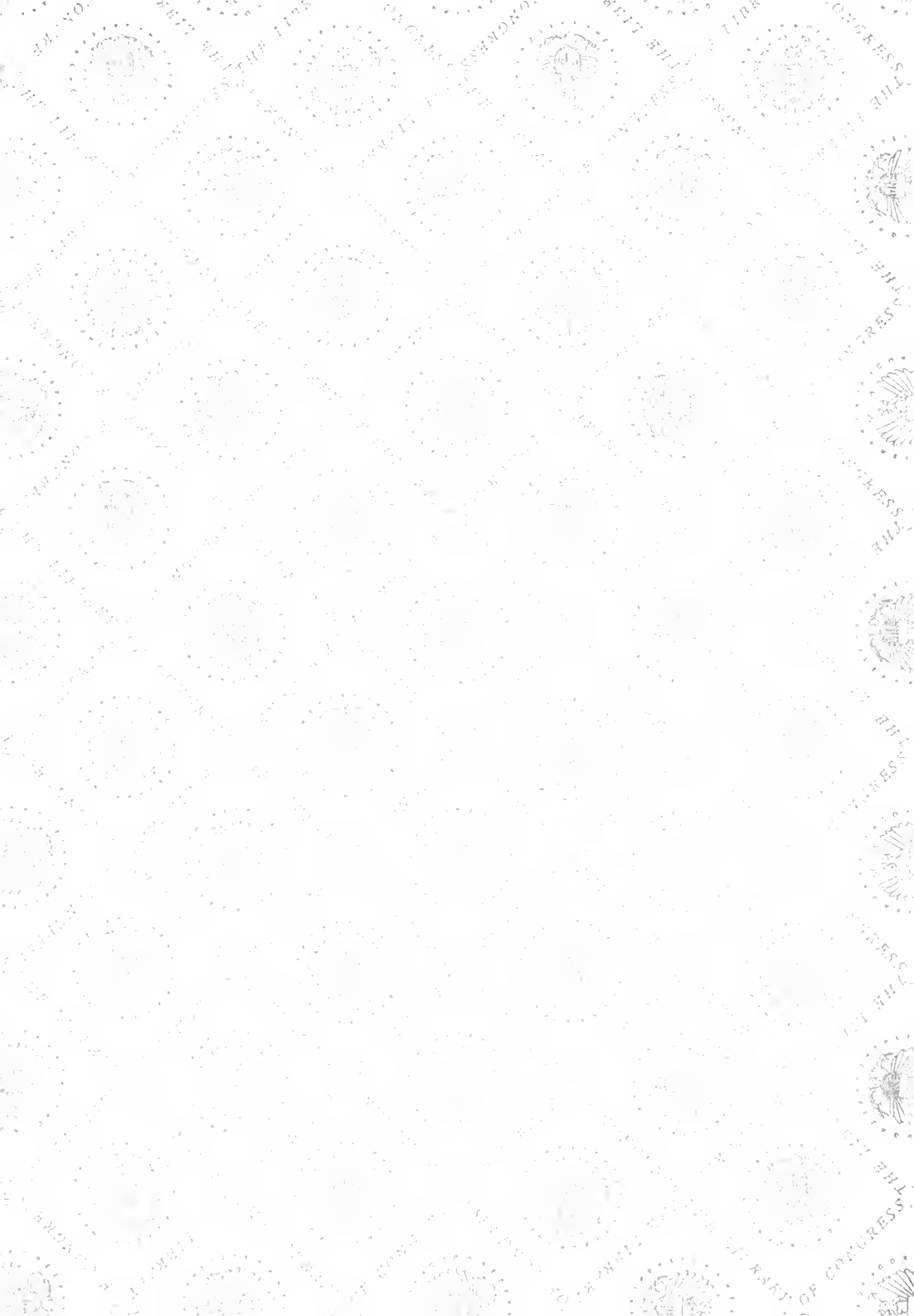


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THE SMOKER'S  
YEAR BOOK



# THE SMOKER'S YEAR BOOK

*The verses  
written on paper  
by*

Oliver Herford

&

*The pictures  
drawn on stone  
by*

Sewell Collins

•

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published  
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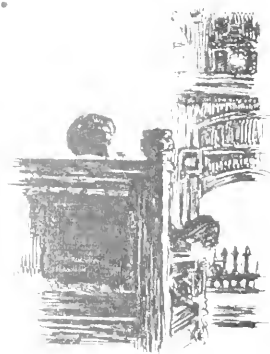
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## JANUARY

NOW Time the harvester surveys  
His sorry crops of yesterdays;  
Of trampled hopes and reaped regrets,  
And for another harvest whets  
His ancient scythe, eying the while  
The budding year with cynic smile.  
Well, let him smile; in snug retreat  
I fill my pipe with honeyed sweet,  
Whose incense wafted from the bowl  
Shall make warm sunshine in my soul,  
And conjure mid the fragrant haze  
Fair memories of other days.









## FEBRUARY

**B**END you now before the shrine  
Of the good Saint Valentine.  
Show to him your broken heart—  
Pray the Saint to take your part.  
Should he intercede in vain  
And the maid your heart disdain,  
Call upon Saint Nicotine;  
He will surely intervene.  
Bring burnt off'ring to his feet,  
Incense of Havana, sweet.  
Then the maiden's shade invoke,  
It will disappear in smoke!





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MARCH

## MARCH

HERE comes bluff March—a cross  
between

A Jester and a Libertine.

He loves to make the parson race

With wicked words his hat to chase;

To dye with compromising rose

The pious man's abstemious nose.

The ladies hate him, though he shows

A pretty taste for silken hose.

The smoker views him with distrust,

Shielding his last match from his gust.

But once alight—his holy joy

No blast from Heaven can destroy!



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## APRIL

LADY April, it is clear,  
Is the spoilt child of the Year.  
See her tears about to start—  
Thus she melts old Winter's heart.  
Now the gay deceiving thing  
Turns and plays the deuce with Spring.  
Winter lingers at her gate;  
Spring grows chilly and irate.  
I'd go home if I were he—  
It is just such girls as she  
Make a fellow thank his stars  
For the solace of cigars.







MAY

## MAY

LIKE Brunhilda, May is won  
By the kisses of the Sun.  
Siegfried like, the maid he takes  
In his arms and she awakes  
To the tender piping sound  
Of the birds—while all around  
In a magic fire ring  
Purple flames of Crocus spring.  
Now I fill my fragrant briar,  
Lo! it glows with gentle fire,  
Wafting scented wreaths of love  
To the little leaves above.







JUNE

## JUNE

“WHAT so rare as a day in  
June?”

Thus I heard the poet croon,  
To the month of roses sweet,  
His song with barometric feet.  
Perfect days I own are rare—  
All depends on how you fare.  
Can a day be perfect to  
The rose that has not sipped the dew?  
Can the Bee, do you suppose,  
Hum, that has not sipped the rose?  
Can there be for Man, I say,  
Without a smoke, a perfect day?



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JULY

## JULY

RED rockets skyward rush pell-mell  
And fill the night with noise and  
smell.

The stars of Heaven look down, and say:  
“So this is Independence Day!  
Poor earth-born stars, it makes us sad  
To see your fire work like mad  
To make a Human Holiday.  
Where is *your* independence, pray?” —  
Whereat I woke — my fire was low,  
My pipe was out. Said I: “Heigho!  
I never thought of it that way,  
I’ll give them both a holiday.”







AUGUST

## AUGUST

DROWSING o'er my sainted briar,  
Dreaming dreams of Heart's Desire,  
Dreaming 'neath the August sun,  
Thus my meditations run —  
What if that great Ember bright  
Were a monster Pipe alight,  
Or the glowing from afar  
Of some Fire-God's cigar?  
If the Smoker's Peace abide  
In that sun fire, multiplied  
By its vastness, I will be  
Henceforth a devout Parsee.





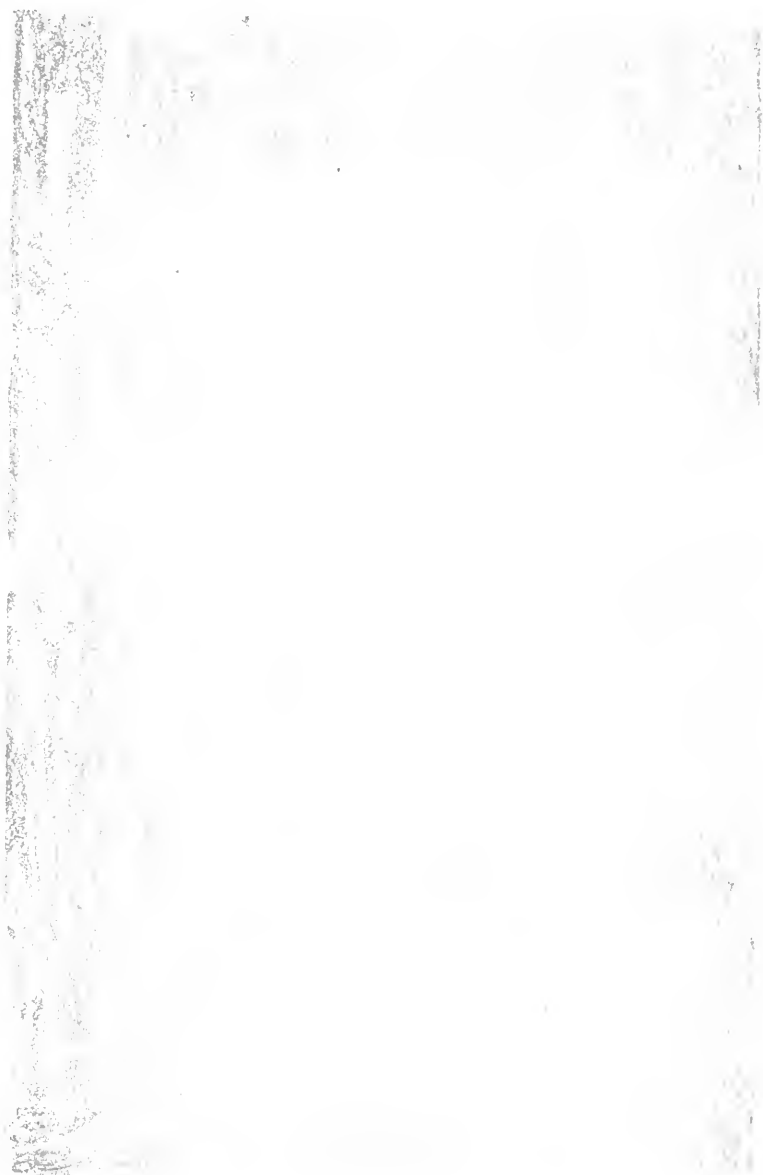




## SEPTEMBER

AS the smoker sometimes sees  
In Nicotian reveries  
Features of some Lovely Girl  
In the tinted wreaths that curl  
From his pipe; so, as we gaze  
Through the soft September haze  
In the years' calm afternoon  
Red with summer's ashes strewn,  
Through the tender veil of mist,  
Woven gold and amethyst,  
Summer's charming ghost we see  
Decked in Indian panoply.









## OCTOBER

SAY! October, how in thunder  
Do you keep so young, I wonder?  
You're no chicken, and you know it,  
Yet, old man, for all you show it,  
You might, on a sunny day,  
Pass for April or for May.  
See, your house is falling round you,  
Yet you're laughing — say! confound you,  
What's the secret? How'd you do it?  
Mist and moisture? Ah, I knew it!  
A pipe! A mug! October brew,  
Fill up — October — here's to you!







NOVEMBER

## NOVEMBER

WHO'S that pedler at the door?  
What! November, back once  
more?

Why, it seems but yesterday  
That he took himself away!  
Say I'm out! Tell him to go!  
He has nothing new to show.  
Same old lay-out every trip,  
Same Pneumonia, same old Grippe,  
Same old Hard Luck tales to tell,  
Same Thanksgiving Day—oh, well,  
Show him in—then stir the log  
And bring church-warden pipes and grog.









## DECEMBER

**P**ROUDLY beams the Christmas Tree  
In its tinsel finery.

Round and round in sprightly pairs  
Children dance to old-time airs—

Though they laugh they make no sound;  
Dancing, still they tread no ground.

Naught but airy phantoms they

Of a vanished Christmas Day,

Ancient playmates found again

In a smoke wreath's purple skein,

And they whisper in my ear,

“Does Christmas still come once a year?”







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